

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BLOOD AND FIRE
THE SALVATION ARMY
WILLIAM BOOTH
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



Seeking Salvation at the Drumhead—A Scene frequently witnessed at Salvation Army open-air operations (See page 10)

ENTIRE sanctification is an instantaneous salvation—that act of the Holy Ghost, according to our faith, by which sin is entirely expelled from the soul, when the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and includes an instantaneous power, then given, always to cleave to God. Thus, an excellent man said: It is gradual in preparation, but instantaneous in reception; and the more earnestly we long for this unspeakable blessing, the more swiftly the preparation increases. The gradual preparation is often short, when the soul wills it, earnestly desires it, quickly abandons all for it, and prays as it should.

A snake may cast its coat, but keeps its venom. A sinner may cast off much of the "old man" in outward and even in inward character, but if not cleansed from all sin, there is a snaky inclination in his nature that may wound others, or the cause of God, or himself eternally. That was a shrewd saying of one, that "a profession of religion without purity is like a fair glove drawn over a foul hand." Purity is the prime jewel of moral worth in man or woman. What is the most graceful dress humanity ever wore, if the one who wears it has a filthy person? We would shrink from such a creature; but such is he who makes a graceful profession of religion, and carries about him a clean spirit, an impure heart; he lacks the prime jewel of moral worth—purity.

Let that new convert hearken! The remains of sin, yea, the seed of every sin is within till you are cleansed throughout spirit, soul, and body.

Rooted in the Heart

That was a good remark of one, "There is much of the old man in the new." Already have you been made sensible of the fact. Those seeds have taken root; they are rooted in that heart of yours, among the plants of grace, like weed-roots in a bed of vegetables. They must be uprooted, or they will destroy or dwarf the plants of grace within you. Indwelling sin is Satan's capital. He who has a small capital will keep adding to it. It is Satan's investment, and

Holiness: Your Remedy

By the REV. JAMES CAUGHEY

The Seventh of a Series of Articles Dealing with the Attainment and Development of the Experience of Holiness

(Reprinted from the "War Cry" of March 6th, 1880.)

he will not neglect it; the Devil's stock, and he will watch its rise and fall in the market, close as any stock-jobber. Sin is in itself an accumulative principle. A slight cold is prone to additions. It is so with indwelling sin. Its nature is to render you cold to duty, and cold in your affections towards God and His people. It contracts the fine affections of your soul as a cold the fine vessels of your body, rendering you chilly and shivering in the presence of a good Gospel fire.

Get Rid of It

You have the elements of this age

present advantages. But inbred sin has a lodgment in your nature, and every exposure to "evil air" to bad company, and bad influence will add to it. Your age fits will increase.

Your Remedy

Purity of heart is your remedy. Be not deceived. Are you clear in your conversion? If not, in all likelihood you will wander back to the Devil.

Be not deceived in your intentions regarding sin. You have put it away, surely you have, if regenerated. But have you parted with it for ever, think you? Have you quite removed your eye off it? No treacherous in-

but love their sins. They hide them from the eyes of others, but their hearts go after them. At last they take their sins to nurse and give them the breast. Can you detect anything of this in yourself? Then let me shout in your ears—"Peril!" "Make a clean breast of it," as they say sometimes to criminals; resolve upon heart purity; it is your only safety. The blessing is your spiritual birth-right if you are born from above. You will backslide, perhaps foully and fatally, without it.

The Proper Attitude

Some years ago, a young lady in —, since gone to heaven, lost her evidence of justification through some sore mental conflict or other; but one day, when listening to a sermon on Rom. viii. 16, she regained it. "Then," said she, "with the blessing of justification in one hand, I held forth the other for full salvation." That was the proper attitude for a truly justified soul. She soon after obtained the blessing. Can you separate green from a healthy and growing leaf and keep it healthy and growing? Or heat from the fire and keep it fire? Or sunshine from the sun and keep it sunshine? As well try habitually to separate a desire for purity from your justification and keep it justification. God commands you to be holy—"Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." How can you continue justified in disobeying so plain a command? "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." How can you retain the blessing in question with a will so contrary to God's will? You may answer these questions as best you can, they require none from me, only this: I would not like to trust the safety of my state to such a justification. It is deceptive and dangerous.

Holiness preserves itself and those who possess it; a high encouragement to seek it. Your not seeking it has been the cause of your "sinning and repenting, and repenting and sinning again"—your constant oscillations between darkness and light, and light and darkness, aye, and all your troubles.

The Scriptures and Temptation

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—James 1:12.

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—Mark 14:38.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. 10:13.

"They that will be rich fall into temptation."—1 Tim. 6:9.

"The Lord knows how to deliver the Godly out of temptation."—2 Peter 2:9.

within; it has begun, in fact, in these incipient stages. Get rid of it. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from it. The medicine is ready if your faith is ready. Why not now? "All things are possible to him that believeth." May you have no rest till you are cured of these age fits, slight, indeed, at present. It would be a wonder were it otherwise, considering your

elinations towards it? No hankering after it? Do you hate it? There is much in that remark of one, "That many deal with their sins as the mother of Moses with her boy;" she put him away, but provided for him. Hid him in the ark of bulrushes, as if she had forsaken him quite; but kept her eye upon him, and at last became his nurse. Thus many leave

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, 1 Peter 5: 1-14. "Casting all your care upon him." Prayers is the best remedy for care. Take this as a personal message for your soul today. However tired and burdened you may be, remember your Heavenly Father "careth for you," and He wants to carry the burden. Cast all your care upon Him, and leave it there. True faith reckons on God's faithfulness, and so brings to the trustful heart the quietness and confidence that makes for strength.

Monday, 2 Peter 1: 1-11. "To godliness brotherly kindness." Godliness, or likeness to God, will be expressed in brotherly kindness, since "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." May we each today have quick eyes for doing kindness to those around us.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread."

Where love ennobles all." Tuesday, 2 Peter 1: 12-21. "Holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Whilst the old prophets and writers of the Scriptures did not always understand the full meaning of what they wrote, they knew that God's Holy Spirit was guiding them, so were content to leave their work in His hands. Seeing, therefore, that their thoughts came direct from Him, no other teaching or reading can possibly take the place of personal, private Bible study.

Wednesday, 2 Peter 3: 1-10. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise." When we do not get an immediate answer to our prayers, we must not think them unheard or our need forgotten.

"Not one promise shall miscarry; Not one blessing come too late; Though the vision long may tarry, Give us patience, Lord, to wait. While withholding Thou art giving, In Thine own appointed way; And while waiting we're receiving, Blessings suited to our day."

Thursday, 2 Peter 3: 11-18. "Grow in grace." All who are truly born of God desire to fulfil this command. If we become satisfied with ourselves, with our progress in grace, and love, and knowledge, we have then ceased to grow. We have only to be patient, to pray, and to do God's will according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on, and "Our hearts in glad surprise, will to higher levels rise."

Friday, Proverbs 1: 1-19. "Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Parents may not have all the advantages which they have struggled to give their children, but they often have a practical working experience of life, which is of much greater value than mere book knowledge. Their advice is usually unselfish, and for the child's real good. Remember this when your parents give you counsel, and seek to profit by their larger experience.

Saturday, Proverbs 1: 20-33. "Whoso hearkeneth unto me . . . shall be quiet from fear of evil." So much of the evil we dread never comes to pass. In our text for today, the Lord promises that those who listen to, and accept His counsel, shall be delivered from anxiety as to coming ill. Thus they will accomplish much more than those who waste their strength in useless foreboding.

Built to a Standard

The manufacturers of a certain type of motor-car commend it to the public with the assurance that it is, "Built up to a standard, not built down to a price." These words, emblazoned in large letters, challenge the attention of thoughtful people. All manhood and womanhood that is at all worth while is "built up to a standard." It is not gilded with pretence; its solid worth is its only appeal. And there is only one highest standard for character and life. All excellence, integrity, righteousness, strength and purity are summed up and exemplified in Jesus Christ.

Destiny Easily Read

Destiny may be easily read if you begin at the right word.

Deeds are destiny: character is fate. If your works be right works your destiny will be right. God will test every man's works by fire.

If there be not enough of God in man's works, they will become a lake of fire in which the worker shall burn for ever; but if they have God in them fully, they will become a chariot of fire, bearing the worker to the joys of Heaven.

God's Mountains

By Captain Margaret Stratton, Kamloops, B.C.

God's mountains are His messengers. With words of cheer for wanderers, I'll tell you what they say to me. When hopes are dead and plans awake, God's mountains speak great truths to me. Faith to renew.

When disappointments fret my heart And future days stretch bleak and dark, When not a glimmering ray of light Appears to modify the night, God's mountains speak of Hope to me Steadfast and sure.

When friends forsake and foes despise, And Satan comes in saint's disguise, When everything seems false and vain, And Love has vanished, leaving pain, God's mountains speak of Love to me, Deathless and true.

When all around me speaks unrest, And nameless longings throng my breast, When striving's born of keen desire, To climb the ladder higher and higher, God's mountains breathe content to me Serene, secure.

When joy and happiness have fled, And my heart is filled with anxious dread, When Life seems just one long vexation, Nothing fulfills one's expectation, God's mountains speak of Peace to me, Abiding, deep.

God's mountains! May their message reach The needy souls around and teach The love of God, His ceaseless care For all His crea res everywhere, God's sheltering mountains speak to me Continually.

It is Better

To be lied about than to be the liar. To be slandered than to be the slanderer. To be imposed upon than to be the bully.

HOW TO BE SAVED

First of all you must realise your true condition in God's sight—that is, you have "been born in sin," and you must also believe that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." You must be in earnest about your soul's Salvation, and realizing that you are a sinner, must confess your guilt and be willing to turn your back on wrongdoing for ever.

If you depend upon your own strength to do this you will find it impossible of accomplishment. But

God's Holy Spirit, by whom you are led to see yourself a sinner, will also lead you to cast yourself upon the mercy of God and to cry to His Son Jesus Christ to save you.

The same blessed Spirit will help you to exercise faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ for your sins and faith to claim pardon through His sacrifice. You will also receive an assurance of Salvation which will prove to you a source of strength in the new life you will begin to live.

Downed by Drink and Rugs

WHEN Clara Scott sailed for India she was just a typical English governess—youth, with all the modest refinement of happy girlhood, and radiant with health. Her master's family had decided to go to the East, and Clara—completely in love with her charges—accompanied the party.

For five years even the deadly heat of India failed to diminish her charm, and, as she watched the little ones growing, her happiness increased rather than lessened. Then, with alarming suddenness, she was stricken down and for long hours lay at death's door, tortured and broken by one of the maladies which spoil the glory of those sunny climes.

Here let it be interposed that the things which destroy men and women enter their lives not always as raging devils, but clad, all too often, as angels of light. Evil has an insidious manner of coming in like the famous camel—a head only, at first, and then, ere one can say him nay, having once allowed him so far, the tent is invaded—wrecked!

A Foul Poison

How could Clara know that in the medicine which was being administered lurked one of the foulest of poisons? What appeal to her were the warming and soothing properties of the stuff. It was when she began to recover that she recalled those pleasant feelings. Something had raised her flagging spirits; something had brought ease and comfort to her body, had restored somewhat the old carefree happiness. What? A careful smelling of the mixture gave her a clue. Could it be so? She would be able to find proof as soon as she could get out to make a purchase. . . . Thus must the girl, and the thought was father to the deed.

That purchase was made—was repeated some scores of times until soon the bulk of Clara's money was being passed over the counter of the chemist. A terrible craving had set in and it ruled with despotic cruelty where once had reigned the calm serenity of virgin purity. What would she not now give to get the beloved devil-thing?

Food lost its attraction, her work grew less and less interesting, and at length it became apparent to all that something was undermining Clara's wonted calm and sweetness of temperament. Lively and talkative at one moment, she would quickly fall prey to all the wretchedness of melancholy and the dullness brought about by the drug.

Mistress Got Alarmed

So alarmed became the mistress that she again called in the doctor who had previously attended her governess—a godly man—and he instantly perceived symptoms with which he was familiar. "What are you taking?" he asked, after a brief examination of the girl. Despite her denials, he soon elicited the fact, and learned furthermore that she had actually formed the craving as a result of taking his medicine.

"Child!" he cried, "you are poisoning your whole system! When I prescribed that in your medicine it was a help; it benefited your body. Now it is purely and simply a deadly poison capable of destroying you!"

Confronted by such a terrible diagnosis, Clara readily promised to give up the evil thing, and a few weeks later

These stories from across the sea tell of a wonderful work of restoration going on amongst women who had been held in the grip of the drug habit, or bound by the chains of drink. The Army has a number of institutions throughout the world which are accomplishing remarkable results in helping these poor victims on the road to health and strength again.

was sent home to England, her health horribly impaired. Yet, strange as it may seem, for two years after her return she was still at the mercy of her terrible craving. And then she got into the hands of a devoted woman, Commandant Wilkins, a Salvation Army Officer, experienced in these matters; then she spent a period under Army care down at Denmark Hill. She could scarcely have found a surer, truer, friend. Today she is cured—with Christ to help her, and in an atmosphere of sympathy and love she has, at long last, beaten the beast. Though suffering even now from the ill effects of the habit, and condemned—perhaps for many long months—to a strict diet, she is happy once again, and, behold!—the sunny smile has already returned, and the roses, too, are not altogether absent.

How was it done? Ah, that would take too long to tell; indeed (as with so many of the Army's operations) even a great volume could only convey a superficial account of what happened during those long months of uphill fighting against temptation, despair, and resistance. But this can be recorded; that when, close on thirty years ago, Commandant Wilkins dedicated her life for this service, God prepared the way and—as she gratefully asserts—it has been His hand which has helped her in the extensive studies, medicinal and psychological, necessary to her work.

Mostly Cures

Springfield Lodge, which has been open for upwards of eighteen years, has passed annually something like twenty-eight patients—mostly cures; the number including cases of habitual drunkenness as well as of drug addiction.

At the present time twenty-eight patients are in residence, of whom twenty are fast freeing themselves, and being freed, from the shackles of alcohol; the remainder are fighting long-formed "dope" habits. The ages of the women treated range from twenty-four to seventy-two, and still wider is the range of the experiences through which they have passed.

Imagine the mental agonies of such a woman as Mrs. Brown. She was born in a drunkard's home, her mother dying while the child was still very young. The girl had to take care of two younger children for awhile, and then her father re-married.

Unhappy enough before, the home now became intolerable, and in order to escape her wretchedness, the young girl agreed to marry a business man for whom, alas, she had no love whatever. Fortunately, the couple managed to live fairly happily together, this state of affairs lasting about three years.

Then she became worried and ill. Having contracted a cough, she was given a dose of something by a neighbor, and as it seemed to soothe and comfort her, pro-

duced more, and still more of the stuff, until the chains of her slavery had been forged and securely fastened.

Small wonder that when she was unable to attend to her child or the house, the husband grew annoyed. Quarrels became frequent and, almost beyond doubt, she would have committed suicide had not an accident intervened.

While she was in hospital her husband expressed his determination not to receive her back into the home, and but for the kindness of relatives Mrs. Brown would have been utterly destitute when discharged. These people discovering from a doctor the prime cause of the woman's constant illness, decided to try the Army.

The story needs little addition. In a certain town (and wild horses could not drag a shred of information from the Commandant which would lead to identification)—somewhere in England—there is a happy family; father, mother, and child, all wonderfully happy; all tremendously grateful.

Work Worth While

How much better this splendid God-given method of dealing with the slaves of vice than that of society, which simply flings them off! That the work is worth while can be demonstrated mathematically. Ten times twenty-eight produces two hundred and eighty. Assuming an annual failure of ten per cent—for there are failures, as in every venture, and especially when the patients refuse God's help—two hundred and eighty less twenty-eight gives us two hundred and fifty-two. In ten years, then, one may reckon on the cure and Salvation of approximately two hundred and fifty women, mostly young. Permit two hundred and fifty women to sink to complete degradation and entire loss of self-respect, and you will find maimed and unloved children, sorrowing parents, criminals (almost certainly), disfigured and blasted manhood, and a never-ceasing procession of lost souls and of evils born of Hell and damnation.

In the bright, sunny atmosphere of Springfield Lodge one can hardly imagine anyone wanting, even for a moment, to do anything other than strong and true. Add to this the kindly, yet vital, personality of Commandant Wilkins—a singularly dynamic force—and it seems incredible that any woman living there could continue long without gaining hope and confidence.

Of course, the Commandant is not martyred by her work; rather does it appear to inspire her (for all its stress), as "Springfield" is not altogether a field of a fearful battle wherein one may view a haggard company of desperately struggling beings. Go where you will you cannot discover a single institution under the Yellow, Red, and Blue which is not conspicuously happy. No!—Be happy and make others happy is the order of the day. Please do not imagine "Spring-

field" as a defaultier then—and beyond all, do not for one second think of its Warden as an aged, learning-weighted person. Rather is she—in spite of her heavy responsibility—the happiest, aye! and the most humorous of women.

Here—in illustration of this last—is a story she tells against herself:

A lady from North of the Clyde came South for treatment at the Institution. She was an "incurable" drunkard—was, note.

Wanted Her Parcel

The Commandant, well trained in observance of trifles, noticed that the new patient had small desire to be far away from a parcel she had brought. A strict etiquette is observed, however, under all circumstances, and nothing was said.

The lady asked numbers of times if she might go to bed, and at last Commandant Wilkins—although it was still quite early—gave her consent, but (hae in a doot!) insisted upon showing the visitor to her room.

"Will you into bed," she remarked, and before long the Scotch patient was sandwiched between English sheets—but not before she had put her parcel under her pillow.

"Now I'm for it!" thought the Warden. Nevertheless, she said in a casual sort of way, "Oh, I say!—do you really want this parcel under your pillow, my dear?"

Mrs. Scotland, without a blush, insisted upon retaining her property, and gravely informed the Commandant that the parcel contained her slippers.

"But surely it will make you uncomfortable!" began the latter again, and, with a deft movement, managed to secure the valued item of luggage. With the sweetest of smiles, she untied the string, saying: "See, I'll put them down beside your bed, dear, ready for the morning!"

By this time, she had discovered that there actually were slippers within, and also—a flask of the best Scotch! Then the "row" began.

"Gie me ma wee bottle!" pleaded Scotland; England was obdurate. Scotland became very angry; England merely smiled. Scotland, pleadings and threats found ineffectual, gave in and added, with a twinkle in her eye, "Ah, weel! Ye maun tak' it, I ken. I'll wagger ye need it yersel, an' it's the best whuskey in a Scotland!" The Commandant laughingly declined the offer, denied the suggestion, said good-night, and withdrew.

A Fearful Up roar

Not long after Scotland began to make a fearful uproar . . . mourning for her bottle and would not be comforted! The Warden having emptied and smashed the bottle, went confidently to the scene of action.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Aw!" wailed the patient, "ma wee sma' bottle! Gie it ta me!"

"Sorry, my dear!—you're too late . . ."

Commandant Wilkins began, only to be overwhelmed in a flood of groans and wailing:

"I ken it!" burst from Scotland, "Didna I ken ye wad drink it yersel?"

And here we must take leave of a most interesting topic. We will not do so, however, without adding that Scotland has pulled through without her bottle, thanks to God and a sweet-tempered woman! and now sleeps in her own Scotch bed, the pillow of which no longer needs such a dangerous bolster!

Sanctified Merriment

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. There is such a thing as sanctified merriment, you know, and in its right season it should be cultivated. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your curtains, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come to their home at night.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it in their own home, it will be sought at other less profitable places. Therefore make the homestead a de-

lightful place with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment blots out the remembrances of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Love's Lifting Power

Love has tremendous lifting power. No downpull can equal its uplift. That is why love laughs at burdens. An elderly woman was recently speaking with pride and gratitude of her young married daughter, and said to another Christian woman who knew and loved the daughter,

"I've been such a burden to her." Quietly the friend replied, "Mothers are never that." The word came instantly and spontaneously, without any affectation or effort to "say something." For this Christian friend had had an invalid mother for many years, and had lavished her life in caring for her, with true love and with gratitude that she had this privilege. After that mother was called Home the daughter thanked God over and over again that she had nothing to regret in her relation to her loved parent; and she would gladly have had the burdenless "burden" of her care back again if only she might. Love does not know the meaning of the word burden. The story has often been told of the little girl trudging along the road with a heavy baby in her arms, when a passer-by stopped and said sympathetically, "Isn't

he very heavy, my dear?" "Oh, no," came the quick reply, "he's my brother!" Brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers and children, are never "heavy" when love is filling the heart. The natural downward pull of the attraction of gravitation loses all its force against the upward power of the affection of the love which is of God.—Sunday School Times.

Living Out of Ourselves

"I do not mean by that . . . I hope we may be less busy, for I wish to be far more so than I have ever been, only with even, ordinary business and calm thoughts. The more we give out of ourselves and labor for others, the more, I am sure, we shall have of them. Nothing, really tries me but self and selfish thoughts." —F. D. Maurice.



International Newslets

Commissioner Mapp, International Secretary, I.H.Q., recently held an interesting interview with Mr. Frans Dragton, K.C., who is interested in our work in British Honduras, and has willingly agreed to assist in all legal matters requiring attention. Mr. Dragton stated that on his way to England he called in at Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, where he was agreeably surprised to find that his sister had become an enthusiastic member of the Salvation Army Corps which has of late been established there.

Among recent visitors to the Victoria Home for Men, Whitechapel, was a party of twenty-eight German professors interested in sociology. The visitors were delighted with all that

Out of the Mire

An incident of Salvation Army life in South America

By STAFF-CAPTAIN PALACI, Editor of "El Cruzado."

SOME years ago I had the privilege to accompany the Territorial Commander on an interview with a famous Argentine writer, and among the many ideas exchanged, one observation made to our T.C. by the distinguished gentleman in whose presence we found ourselves, caused me a deep and pleasant impression.

"I admire," he said, "the work which the Salvation Army does, because it is not superficial, it gets to the root of the evil, trying to destroy it instead of merely relieving it. You, in your Institutions, not only shelter the man or woman, but

Gospel, the Salvation Army could not exist. The salvation which the converted man or woman receives, is such, that makes him or her love their neighbor, and inspires them with the desire to help him, although at the cost of personal sacrifice.

Here is a story which graphically illustrates that which has been said.

A few weeks had passed since the opening of the new Corps, when one night, a woman, modestly dressed, of intelligent look, but with a countenance sad and dejected, entered. The clear-sighted and

her feet, she had accepted Jesus as her Saviour. A new hope was born within her, and from that instant there commenced a new life for her.

But this change was only in her soul, as her home had not suffered any alteration, and it was there where she found the cause of her sorrow and grief. Her husband was a drunkard, and although a good worker, he could not keep any position, because, owing to his intoxication, after two or three weeks work, he was discharged. The older children partly contributed in maintaining the home, but the poor mother had to work hard for the upkeep of the smaller children. It was using her own words, a death fight.

But the light she had received with the new doctrine revealed to her that she could enjoy a privilege as yet unknown to her; through prayer she could ask God to change her husband, converting him to a good husband and father. Therefore she commenced to pray for the conversion of her husband and children. Two years passed. She made a good Soldier, sold "El Cruzado" (The "War Cry") attended and testified at both indoor and Open-Air Meetings; but at home there was no change at all.

At last two daughters were converted, then afterwards one of the sons. The husband, nevertheless, went on worse than ever and when the exemplary conduct of his wife seemed to charge him, and his conscience accused him of being a coward, he tried to still that voice, drinking harder than ever, stumbling home far into the night seeking to quarrel with his family.

If it were not because the persons to whom I refer are living today, and are uniformed Salvationists, and what is better still, live pious and Christian lives, one could accuse me of exaggeration, on learning the wonderful conclusion of this story.

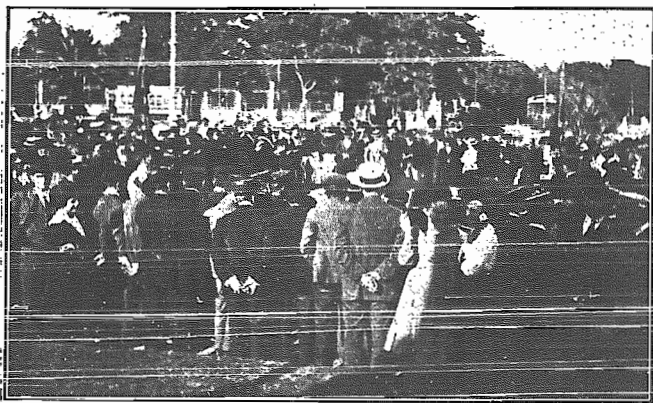
God has promised to answer prayer, and the woman, from the moment of her conversion, clung to that promise with all the energy of her newly acquired faith.

At last, one night her husband, half drunk, entered the Salvation Army Hall, more to cause trouble than to listen to what was being said. It happened nevertheless, charmed by the singing and simple exhortation, that when the invitation was given, the Spirit of God strove with him, and after an intense struggle with himself, he went forward to the Penitent-Form, asking God to forgive his past and to make a new man of him.

The miracle had happened, and as the leper was cleansed by the touch of Jesus, so this man was saved by coming into contact with the Redeemer. From that instant he was a new creature, he was born again. Hallelujah!

How different life has been in that home since that time! He was not long in finding employment, and today he is not only a loyal and faithful Soldier of that same Corps, but his conversion has been the means of conversion of others who, like himself, were slaves to drink and other vices.

He has been able to bank some hundreds of pesos, and his great desire is to see his wife living a calm and peaceful life, and his children become Soldiers or Officers of the Salvation Army.



Typical Salvation Army Open-Air Meeting in South America

they saw, and described their experience as both pleasurable and instructive. More recently still the hostess of a party of students from Berlin, staying in London, asked that her guests might also be invited to visit some of the Army's Institutions. This was arranged and they, too, expressed pleasurable surprise at the efficiency demonstrated in each of the Hostels.

A Serf's Prayer

Makes His Cruel Master Quail

At Perumpalli, in the Cochín Division, where seven months ago the people were all Hindus belonging to what is known as the depressed classes, a number of families have embraced Christianity, but not without bitter persecution from their Sudra and Syrian masters.

One man was beaten by his employer and dragged on a Sunday to work in a field. Here he knelt before his master and other persons who were present and prayed to God. "Many years my forefathers have been worshipping idols which have ears but do not hear; and have eyes, but do not see," he exclaimed bravely, "but I have found the Living God who hears and sees everything, even the cruelty of the master. Surely Thou wilt hear my prayer, and change his heart." This was too much for the cruel employer, and he left his serf in peace.

Visited in Johannesburg Prison by Salvationists at the request of his distressed mother, a young man has professed conversion, and, expressing a desire to study for a position upon his release, has been supplied by the Army with the necessary books.

Salvation Army work among the Russian refugees in Paris has developed, and a monthly "War Cry" in Russian has been launched.

also by your exhortation and counsel, try to prevent the need of asking for charity; by this method, doing good in the most practical manner—reforming the man."

Here in synthesis is a true description of Salvation Army activity. There are some who contribute to our funds, who sometimes say: "I admire the work you do, but I do not believe in your doctrines." Great error! That is like saying: "I like very much to see the orange tree covered with orange blossom, but I do not believe that the sap or substance which circulates by the trunk and branches will be of any value."

The power of the Salvation Army activity is to be found in the principles of Christian faith and love which it supports and teaches. Without Jesus and His

practical eye of the Officer saw at once that under the neat but humble dress was hidden an afflicted soul and a broken heart, and consequently purposed to find out who the woman was.

Following the usual Salvation Army practice, before closing the Meeting, he invited any one who desired to begin a new life, and to accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and Master, to come forward and kneel at the Penitent-Form. The woman of the sad face and grey hair was one of the first to come. Kneeling there, between her sobs, while tears ran down her cheeks, she explained to the Comrade who, kneeling at her side, tried to teach her the way of Salvation through the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, some of the bitterness and grief that darkened her sky. When the women stood to



South American Music-Makers Staff Band at Buenos Ayres

MARCHING through the principal streets of Vancouver, adorned in their special uniforms adopted for the tour, the Citadel Band created quite a stir on their way to the C.P.R. station, the starting point of the most successful and enterprising campaign the Citadel Band has ever ventured upon. These uniforms, with Stetson Hats and Band Crests, and khaki shirts besides being very becoming, were singularly suitable to meet the extreme heat of the country to be visited. A large crowd assembled to bid the Bandsmen good-bye. Lt. Colonel Phillips, giving a short parting message and asking God's blessing on the tour.

The great fertile Okanagan Valley, famous for its scenic beauty of mountainous country, its emerald lakes, and sparkling streams, is known also, the world over for its abundant fruit production.

Through this magnificent country, the Vancouver Citadel Band, 34 in number, campaigned for nine days, and availed themselves of every opportunity to proclaim the message of salvation in music and song.

The tour was made by auto, train, and boat, and from start to finish everything worked to schedule and not a mishap occurred.

On arrival at Mission, our first stop, we were heartily received by the citizens of this thriving and prosperous community, who evidently were highly appreciative of the music of the Band. The following day, Sunday, is one that will live in the memory of the Bandsmen, as a day of real work and service rendered.

Picturesque Rolling Country

We arrived at Princeton at the early hour of 4 a.m. A more beautiful section of the country it would be hard to find with its winding rivers and creeks, and picturesque rolling country. Mr. Smith, manager of the Allenby Copper Mines sent trucks to Princeton and conveyed us to the mines, a distance of over seven miles, where a real camp breakfast awaited the Bandsmen, after which a musical program was given to the residents of this pretty mining town. Driving back to Princeton we played to the patients at the hospital. At 10.30 we were on the lawn in front of the Cenotaph where the whole of the population had turned out to listen to the music and song. It was indeed an inspiring hour, and many said how they had enjoyed and received blessing from the Band. Luncheon was supplied by the ladies of the Hospital Aid, while Mr. J. Brown was responsible for all arrangements made, and for transportation to our next point of call. Lunch over, we left Princeton in a fleet of 9 automobiles, and after a delightful drive of 25 miles we found ourselves in the gold mining town of Hedley. A splendid crowd awaited us, many of the people coming down by aerial railway from the settlement above, 2,800 feet. The townspeople who thoroughly enjoyed the music, served refreshments to the Bandsmen whom they also conveyed to their next stop. Again we speeded over this rolling country, and arrived at the town of Keremeos, a fruit growing district where a crowd of 500 persons were gathered, and to whom we played for an hour.

Away we went again and after a stretch of 35 miles we reached Penticton, thus completing a 90 mile stretch by auto,

Vancouver Citadel Band Campaigns - in Canada's Garden of Eden -

Successful Tour through Okanagan Valley and Southern British Columbia—Great Crowds—Wonderful Receptions—Many Towns Visited—New Hall Opened at Kamloops

having been on the go since 4 a.m. A brush up and a wash and we sat down to a supper provided by the Corps Officers, Captain Corsie and Lieut. Warren. At 8 p.m. we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of 1,500 people, and though somewhat fatigued, the Bandsmen rendered a heavy program of selections and vocal items, the male voice party bringing forth considerable applause in their rendering of Salvation Songs. Captain Goodwin gave a Scripture reading, while Reeve McDonald delivered a brief message of welcome to the Band, Adjutant Cubitt responding.

The following morning we played through the business section of Penticton, and visited the hospital; with another Open-Air festival by the Lake in the afternoon. The Bandsmen were the guests of the Gyro Club for supper, and participated in a very pleasant hour, brief talks and vocal numbers being given by the Bandsmen. The Canadian Legion supplied cars to drive us to our next engagement, a glorious 10 mile spin, hugging the shores of Okanagan Lake, at the end of which is the beautiful town of Summerland. Here we found the entire population awaiting us in the centre of the ball grounds. It is really surprising how great crowds assemble in these small towns, people coming in automobiles from miles and miles around. The Band played here for an hour and a half, returning to sleep in the travelling hotel at Penticton.

Giant Festival in Park

On Tuesday the Bandsmen were up at 5.30 and a little later bade farewell to this town of happy memory. Boarding the steamer "Sicamous" we sailed down the Okanagan Lake with its famous bench lands on either side, covered with great fruit farms. What a magnificent sight are these countless fruit trees, watered by great irrigation systems. Indeed this boat trip provides one of the most beautiful scenic effects to be found anywhere. We arrived at Kelowna, the "Orchard City," where Ensign Hunter greeted us. We played our way up to the Hall, where we prepared for the lunch to be tendered us by the Canadian Legion at the Lakeview Hotel. After lunch some of the boys had a dip in the lake, others going for auto rides through the orchards. At 3 p.m. we gave a festival in the park, afterwards enjoying a splendid tea arranged by the Soldiers in our honor. At night a giant festival was held in the park, at which 2,000 people were present. Here Mayor Sutherland welcomed the Band and spoke in favorable terms of the Army and its work. It was with difficulty that the Band finished playing after two and a half hours. An outstanding feature of the affair was the congregational singing of the hymns. The following morning we were driven out to

the hospital by courtesy of the Gyro Club, where we gave the patients and staff a little music. On arrival of the boat we reluctantly left the city of Kelowna after a stay most pleasant and enjoyable.

Continuing our journey down the Okanagan Lake to Vernon, we completed our 100 mile boat trip in this beautiful lake which is not to be rivalled for its splendor and fascinating beauty. On our arrival we found our congenial D.C. Brigadier Layman, who accompanied the Band for the remainder of the tour.

Our program at Vernon was a bit strenuous, but we spent a pleasant time with our Vernon Comrades, the Officers, Captain Newbury and Lieutenant Norman working hard in the interest of the Band's visit, while Mayor Stewart gave us a splendid welcome. Three festivals were held and a visit to the hospital was much appreciated. We were the guests of the Vernon Board of Trade at luncheon, Mr. Pout, President, assuring the Bandsmen that it was a pleasure to entertain them in such a manner. Rt. Rev. Dowell, Bishop of Cariboo, gave a splendid address. Brigadier Layman also spoke.

Met by Mayor and Alderman

On Thursday evening we arrived in the town of Armstrong, which is the centre of the richest farming district in the interior. We were met by Mayor Parks and Alderman Fraser, who escorted us to the Hotel and provided supper. In the evening we played to a very appreciative crowd, many coming by auto from Vernon to hear the Band again. The next morning we had breakfast on the lawn of Mrs. Austin's residence, which was a real treat. Mrs. Austin is an old Soldier of the Army, her daughter being a Candidate for the next session. We spent a short time at the hospital, and then went by auto to Enderby, a pretty little town situated on the Shuswap River. His Worship Mayor Hawkins entertained the Band to lunch in the King Edward Hotel, and afterwards, though the temperature was 98 in the shade, the Band played to a fair sized crowd.

Moving on once more we reached Sicamous, our next stop. We were here only 20 minutes, but in this short time we gave the people a little music. Some soldiers returning from camp happened to be at the station, and appeared to be most appreciative.

Due at Salmon Arm at 7.30 we arrived a little late, to find our warm friend, Mayor Newnes, awaiting us. He gave us a hearty welcome from the thriving community of Salmon Arm, a large number of whom gathered to hear a two hours program, expressing their appreciation in a most practical manner. His Worship kindly supplied refreshments to the Bandsmen following the festival.

Our train pulled into Chase, a little

after 9 a.m. where after seven days of heavy campaigning we enjoyed a few hours off which we spent in swimming, fishing and general recreation. Although Chase is but a small town the citizens turned out en masse to hear the Band.

Taking train again we reached Kamloops at 10 o'clock when we formed up and marched through the main streets to the Leyland Hotel where we gave a short program on the street corner to 500 people who had gathered to hear us, making a good start for the weekend.

The last day of the tour was a busy one, and the heat, 98 degrees, did not lighten our burdens. The Kiwanis Club kindly loaned cars and drove us to Tranquille Sanatorium, a large Government Institution for tubercular patients, ten miles from Kamloops. This visit was much enjoyed by the patients and staff, the Superintendent, Dr. Lapp, thanking the men, and inviting them to lunch.

New Hall Opened

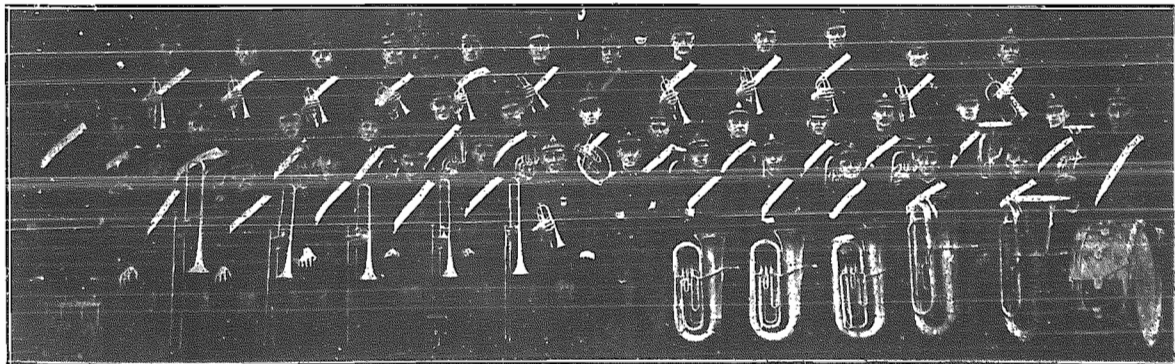
At 2.15 the Band took part in the opening of the new Hall, Alderman Moffat, in the absence of the Mayor, speaking on behalf of the citizens of Kamloops, on the splendid work of the Salvation Army. Brigadier Layman replied, making a stirring appeal for the Christian people of today to be up and doing the Master's work, and praying that the New Hall would mark an epoch in the history of the Salvation Army in Kamloops. Brigadier Layman then declared the Hall open and those in attendance inspected it to their keen satisfaction. The Band played several selections and contributed to the success of the opening. We then marched to the park and gave a program to the large mass of people assembled. In the evening an Open-Air Meeting was held, followed by a service in the park, several of the Bandsmen gave stirring testimonies, after which a Scripture reading and a short address by Brigadier Layman brought the service to a close. The Band again gave a heavy program at which there was a large attendance. This, with a short twilight Meeting at the station brought an end to our Kamloops visit, and we started on our final lap for home.

Next morning we were up bright and early, packing our kits, and as the train pulled into Vancouver we assembled to sing hymns and to thank God for the success of our tour. Arriving, we found many Comrades waiting to welcome us home.

This brought to a close a happy and prosperous campaign, memories of which will live long in the hearts of the Bandsmen, and will add an interesting chapter to the Band's history.

It was indeed a privilege to have Brigadier and Adjutant Cubitt with us, the

(Continued on page 9)



Vancouver Citadel's splendid Musical Combination which recently completed a successful tour in Southern British Columbia.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

AN Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

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Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Commandant:
Adjutant Alice Rickell.

To be Adjutant:

Ensign Eva Laycock, Calgary Grace
Hospital.

To be Ensign:

Captain Agnes McCabe, Winnipeg
Grace Hospital.

Captain Mary McKay, Winnipeg
Grace Hospital.

Captain Hazel McDonald, Winnipeg
Grace Hospital.

Captain Mabel Farr, Winnipeg Grace
Hospital.

Captain E. Hunter, Kelowna,

To be Lieutenant:
Sergeant Hakanson, Kildonan In-
dustrial Home.

APPOINTMENTS—

Commandant Alice Rickell, to be
Matron of Women's Eventide Home,
Gleichen.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt. Commissioner.



The Commissioner is announced to
conduct the wedding of Captain Laura
Cummins, elder daughter of Brigadier
and Mrs. Cummins, and Captain Wil-
liam Mephram, son of Envoy and Mrs.
Mephram, Saskatoon, in the Winnipeg
Citadel, on Thursday, August 25, com-
mencing at 8 o'clock.

Following their wedding, and after a
short furlough, our Comrades will be
proceeding to Java, in which Mis-
sionary Field they hope to spend
many happy years of useful service.

Owing to an electricians' strike in
Vancouver the opening of the new
Maternity Hospital has been unavoid-
ably postponed. Definite announce-
ment will be made later.

The Winnipeg Citadel Band under
the leadership of Bandmaster H. Mer-
ritt rendered a program of music over
the radio (Station CKY) on Monday
evening last. Listeners-in greatly en-
joyed the excellent fare provided.

Several of the songs which we have
published during recent weeks will
have been recognized as coming from
the pen of our Editor-designate; they
have been used with great effect in
some of the Winnipeg Meetings, and
we commend them to Army Comrades
and others throughout the Territory.
Lt.-Colonel Joy will be entering on his
Editorial work very shortly. Major
Church commenced his "Vacation
Duties" a few days ago, and Adjutant
Bridg and "D.O.J." are now on the
bridge.

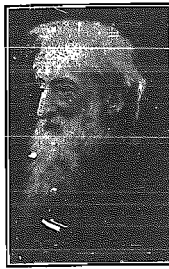
Colonel and Mrs. Coombs conducted a
helpful Meeting at the Winnipeg Grace
Hospital on Sunday evening last. One
young woman decided for Christ.

(Continued on column 4)

God Had All There Was Of Him

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder and
First General of the Salvation Army,
Promoted to Glory, August 20, 1912.

—The whole world loved him—
Canada West's new Training Garrison
will help perpetuate his memory and
affords splendid opportunity for
practical thanksgiving



THE DATE of this issue marks the fifteenth anni-
versary of the Promotion to Glory of William
Booth, Founder of the world-wide Salvation
Army. The recurrence, each year, of this event,
is a reminder to all that we also, by treading
in the Founder's footsteps, can

... "make our lives sublime;
and departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

In death, as in life, he was where he loved to be—down among
the people. He was sometimes described as the best-loved man
in the world. Certainly his own people knew that the world had
a profound regard for him; yet no one could have imagined that the
response of sympathy and sorrow to the news of his passing would
have been so instant or so amazingly widespread. The affection
for his personality, the admiration for his character and works,
and the expressed sense of loss and regret occasioned by his death
were overwhelming. The world's tribute to him was the measure
of his mighty work on behalf of suffering humanity.

THE SECRET OF IT ALL

What was the secret of his success, of the work he accomplish-
ed which endeared him forever to the masses of people? This ques-
tion was asked him by the late Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, and we
have the answer in his own words: "God has had all there was of
me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with
greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London
on my heart and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do... I
made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there
was."

In contemplating the anniversary of the Army Founder's pass-
ing, it is a source of gratification that the new Training Garrison,
on Portage Ave., Winnipeg, part of the William Booth Memorial
Scheme, is nearing its completion. The structure has risen with
marvellous rapidity, and its exterior already presents a noble ap-
pearance to passers-by, and ere long will, we hope, be filled with
young men and women, eager to devote their lives for the same
object that William Booth devoted his; namely, the saving of souls,
and the blessing of fallen humanity. What could be more in keeping
with the wishes and desires of this great "Apostle of the Poor,"
had he been alive to-day?

The task of furnishing the new building yet remains a prob-
lem. Already a number of Comrades and friends have offered as-
sistance, and some splendid donations have been made toward this
worthy object. The first to donate the cost of furnishing a room
was a middle-aged man who had done well in the world, finan-
cially. Thirty years ago he said he felt called to become an Army
Officer, but his life was turned in another direction—that of money-
making. He could not, of course, recall the past, but wishes to do
what he can to help others to devote their lives to God and His
service.

The following extract from a letter recently received by the
Commissioner from Major Carruthers, the Divisional Commander
for Northern B.C. and Alaska, tells its own story:

"Knowing the difficulty you will have to find funds to furnish
the new Training Garrison, my brother and I have decided to send
you, from our father's estate, the enclosed cheque for \$90.00.

"This sum, I understand, will furnish one room, and I would
like it named in memory of my father, William Carruthers. He
always took a deep interest in the Army work, as he did in his
own Presbyterian Church. His faithful Christian life will ever be
a benediction to me."

WHO WILL HELP?

There are, without doubt, many of our readers who would like
to give a special thank-offering in memory of blessings received
from God, either directly or indirectly through the influence of the
Founder and the great Organization which he commenced. The
Commissioner will be glad to hear from such.

All communications should be addressed to:

LT.-COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

Life-Saving Scouts Enjoy Camp Life at Sandy Hook

THE COMMISSIONER conducts
happy Song Service

According to the unanimous verdict
of the nearly fifty Life-Saving Scouts
and Chums in Camp at Sandy Hook,
"Scouting." They are having a fine
time with Adjutant Greenaway, the
Divisional Scout Organizer, and Regi-
mental Leader Stevens, to make things
run smoothly. Hiking, swimming,
games, to say nothing of eating, fill
each day to its utmost capacity.

Last Saturday was a red-letter day,
when various athletic tests were dis-
played, a number of the boys' parents
being present to see their agile sons
cover themselves with glory!

A long hike on Sunday morning,
with a Meeting at the end, and then
the hike back to Camp was a deligh-
ful occupation. The Commissioner
conducted a rollicking sing-song in the
evening, when some of the choruses
brought back from the Old Country
by Adjutant Tom Mundy, and which
we hope to publish later in the "War
Cry," were prime favorites. Adjutant
White taught one or two Indian cho-
ruses, and four Scouts sang some
choruses in French.

Altogether the Scouts will be more
than sorry when camping days are
ended. Sandy Hook will not be de-
serted, even then, however, for it will
then be the turn of the Guards and
Sunbeams, who, although last, are
certainly not least.

Braving Mud and Mire

The Army Features Successful Tag
Days in Manitoba Towns

A successful Tag Day Campaign
has just been concluded in rural Mani-
toba in aid of the Winnipeg Grace
Hospital. In this connection over
thirty fairs were visited by Captain
Carver and his assistants, Captain
Peterson, Sergeant Wilson, and Lieut-
enants Cook and Carson. A distance
of over 3,000 miles was covered by
car, much mud and mire was encoun-
tered on the trip, but this did not
lessen the zeal and enthusiasm of the
"Manitoba Taggers." The people were
willingly tagged, and gave very freely
to this worthy Institution. When asked
to help, proud mothers, here and
there, exclaimed, "Buy a Tag? Yes,
certainly; this little girl was born in
Grace Hospital." In fact, one lady
said, "Surely, all my family of four
were born in the 'Grace.' Give them
all a Tag!"

The Open-Air Meetings were
held with the fair crowds, by these
enthusiasts, and scenes that are not
easily forgotten were witnessed, as
the old Gospel story rang forth. A
drum was borrowed from a visiting
Band on one occasion, and this helped
to make a real Army Open-Air Meet-
ing. A combined Meeting with the
Charioteer Brigade was much appre-
ciated.

The Western Canada Friends of Ad-
jutant Charles Walker, brother of
Captain Alfred Walker of the Winni-
peg Men's Social Department, will be
interested to learn of his appointment
as Men's Chief Side Officer at the New
York Training Garrison. Hearty con-
gratulations are extended to Adjutant
and Mrs. Walker.

A gentleman recently accosted a
member of the Edmonton II Home
League and handed her a substantial
donation toward the work of the
Corps. He did not wish his name to
be made known (writes Ensign Tiger-
stedt, the Corps Officer) but earnestly
asked for the prayers of God's peo-
ple. May God bless this unknown
donor.

Ensign and Mrs. Burr visited a
number of Winnipeg Corps over the
weekend and interested large audi-
ences with an account of their expe-
riences in India. An interview with
the Ensign will appear in our next
issue.

THE COMMISSIONER'S Appointments

WINNIPEG CITADEL - - MONDAY, AUG. 15
(Farewell of Major and Mrs. Church)

WINNIPEG CITADEL - - MONDAY, AUG. 29
(Welcome to Lt.-Colonel E. Joy, & Brigadier B. Taylor)

Charioteer Chronicles SOUTHERN SASK. CHARIOT

Since our last report we have visited several towns, taking with us the message of hope to all. At one town visited, the Chariot drew up in front of the only visible grocery store, the proprietor came out to assure us of a hearty welcome. Not many minutes had elapsed before we found that he had been an Army Bandsman, and had come up right from the Juniors. About half an hour later, while we were preparing for our Meeting, we were rather surprised to hear the strains of familiar Army tunes coming from the above mentioned store. The sight of the Chariot had evidently revived old memories, and once more he had his instrument out, playing over the grand old tunes he had often played in Junior Bandsman days.

As the people gathered in response to the call of cornet, tambourine and drum, our former Bandsman brought out boxes, planks and every available article suitable for seating our audience. It certainly was an interesting scene, showing up in the dim light. The Chariot crew, each in turn plunging into the Meeting in true, "we mean business style," and the people seated all around listening as attentively as any Army audience, and quite frequently joining in with us in the singing of the old songs.

Our next stop was at a small mining town, where the miners with their families gathered around, and listened to the message.

We had splendid crowds at most of our Meetings held in Oxbow. One Open-Air being held in the park on the Sunday afternoon and another in the evening immediately after the church service. We were delighted to meet a family of Salvationists who have been living on a farm near Oxbow for several years. Although shut away from all that is "Army" for so many years, they still possess the same Army spirit and fire, and are loved and respected by all in the town for the stand they take.

At Gainsboro, while seeing "War Crys," we had the privilege of praying in some of the homes entered, and encouraging those who were ill. The people were overjoyed to have us enter their homes and spend a few moments in prayer with them. At our Open Air Meeting while one of the lassie Captains was taking up the collection, an old man asked for a song. A verse of, "The Old Rugged Cross," seemed to satisfy him, and then promising to return after the Open Air, she went back to the Chariot. True to promise, the entire Chariot crew went back in quest of the old gentleman after the Meeting, and we found him with several others, seated in a garage down the street. Entering in, we gave them a fifteen minute Sing-Song of the good old Army Songs, and then kneeling down, we committed them to the care of God. Our old friend bade us good-bye with tears streaming down his face, which could quite easily be seen in the gathering dusk.

Our only regret is, that we are unable to remain in the towns long enough to follow our Meetings up by visitation, and we feel sure we would have the joy of leading many into "Light and Liberty."

The Alberta Motor Chariot

Thrills! Thrills! Thrills! Onward the Chariot rolls, spreading the Gospel in music, song and testimony. Claresholm was reached, and the Meeting was conducted in the Nazareth Church, where a good crowd gathered. Stirring messages were given by the Charioteers, and in the Prayer-Meeting four were found at the Mercy-Seat. A touching scene occurred, when after seeing a boy and a girl weep their way to the Mercy-Seat, the Charioteers conducted the boys on the camping grounds to the Penitent-Form.

At Cayley the Charioteers were joined by Captain Langford, and three Comrades from High River, and a good Meeting was held. At Okotoks the children sang the choruses heartily.

The weekend was spent at Banff, where the Charioteers came in touch with many people. A good Open-Air Meeting was held in the Main Street, where the music and singing and speaking attracted the people. On Sunday evening, the Charioteers conducted a sing-song on the camping grounds. The people rallied around,

(Continued on column 4)

GENERAL and Mrs. BOOTH

Open Memorial Hall to Army Mother at Clacton

THE people of Clacton-on-Sea have been justly proud of the fact that the great woman pioneer we know as the Army Mother, spent part of her life in their town, and it was at the suggestion of the Council that the new Salvation Army Hall was dedicated as a Memorial to her memory.

The General, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, Major Olive, Staff-Captain Dora and Staff-Captain Wycliffe, received a most enthusiastic welcome from the Council and the inhabitants, reinforced by thousands of visitors, when he visited Clacton on July 16th to open and dedicate the new Hall.

A Civic Reception was held at the Pavilion on the sea front, and an address

was born into the Salvation Army, and the Army mother was her spiritual mother.

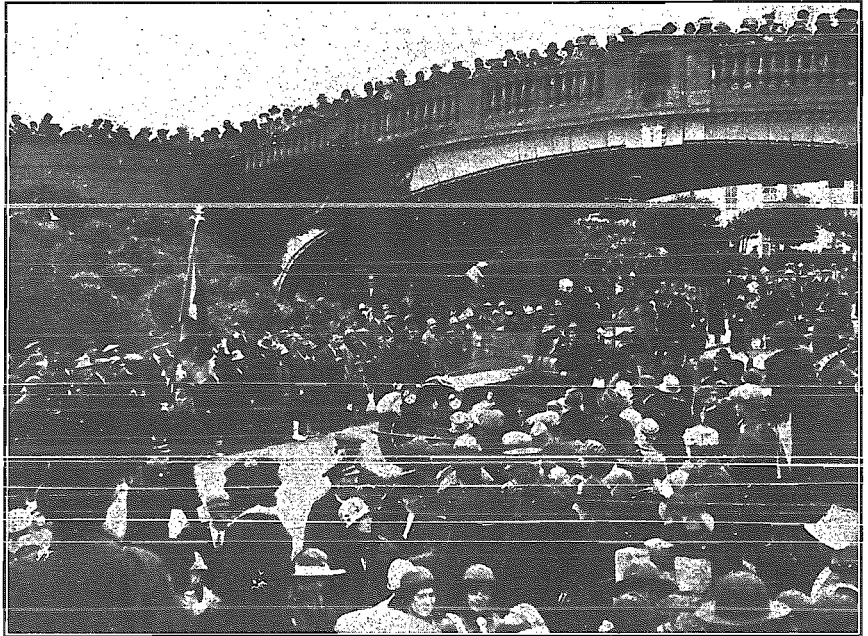
"One piece of advice that she gave me," said Mrs. Booth, "has always stood me in good stead. She said, when you are in difficulty as to what you should do, always give God the benefit of the doubt." How much that helped me through the first most difficult days.

The Army mother had taught her to value her womanhood, her motherhood, and her position.

In speaking of the latter, Mrs. Booth said, "how thankful I feel for this wonderful way she has opened for the women of the Salvation Army, and I know today a great many Salvation Army Officers,

She never confused that theory with the opinion that woman was to do man's work. She said the husband must be a husband and do what a husband should do and the wife must be a wife and not attempt what the husband should do. But not only was she the champion and pioneer of women's public work, but she also had a great influence in leading the Army to work on behalf of children, and it was her books with regard to the Salvation of children which exercised such an influence on her own children and on the whole Army world, and so wherever the Army flag flies you have children witnessing of the power of Christ."

Although it is fitting that Clacton should have a Memorial Hall and it is expected that many will wish to send a donation to help clear off the mortgage—the great Memorial to the Army mother is seen in the thousands of women Officers doing wonderful work for God in all parts of the world. The opportunity is theirs because



The General, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, Major Olive and Staff-Captain Wycliffe, arrive at Clacton-on-Sea on the occasion of the dedication of the Catherine Booth Memorial Hall.

of welcome was read by the Chairman, Councillor Pennell.

In replying to this address, the General mentioned that Clacton had a place in Army life and memories, quite distinct from the fact that his mother's last days had been spent in that town. It was at Clacton that the Founder wrote that striking book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," a book which the General said no one could deny marked the beginning of a new era of sympathy and regard for the suffering of the lost and the less fortunate of our cities, and it was in this town that his father consulted often with another notable man whose name has also gone round the world, namely W. T. Stead, who was at that time the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

At the close of the reception, the General made his way to the Catherine Booth Memorial Hall, situated opposite the G.P.O. in the centre of the town. The Hall was already crowded to excess. The local member of Parliament, Sir Frederick Gill Rice, presided over the Dedication Service, supported by a large number of influential people of the district.

Debt to Army Mother

In this Meeting, Mrs. Booth expressed her pleasure that on this occasion she was able to accompany the General. She said that she owed a very great deal to the Army mother. When she first came in contact with her she was a little worldly schoolgirl, but as a result of hearing Catherine Booth speak, God spoke to her heart and changed her completely. She

although unable to be with us, rejoice in this Memorial, which has been arranged here."

The General's Address

Before unveiling the Memorial Tablet the General congratulated his daughter, Major Olive, who is the Divisional Commander, and all who had helped to obtain use of the building, and proceeding said: "I cannot help but feel that, with regard to my dear mother, perhaps the greatest benefit she rendered to our work and to the world was the assistance, co-operation and strength which she brought to my dear father. I often say that I do not think that Catherine Booth could have made the Salvation Army. I do not think that her type of mind and temperament could have made what we now see today, but I am equally convinced that William Booth would not have made the Salvation Army without Catherine Booth to aid him. I agree with what my dear wife said a moment ago about the influence which Catherine Booth brought to bear upon the venture in its early times, in the bringing to the front of women and the enlargement of what was then the limit of women's ministry. I feel that that was only one of the directions in which her influence was powerful with him. There is no doubt that her affection for him greatly helped her influence over him and over his work."

"My dear wife spoke a moment ago of her influence in bringing the women to the front. She was the pioneer of all that relates to responsible public religious work for women. She thoroughly believed that woman was the equal of man,

she took a courageous stand in an age when women were kept in the background in many spheres of life, but particularly so in matters pertaining to religious and public affairs."

WELL-KNOWN ARMY BANDMASTER TO VISIT CANADA

We learn that Bandmaster Twitchin, of the famous Regent Hall Corps, London, is likely to pay a visit to Canada shortly. Typical of the Bandmaster's spirit is the following incident: On a recent Sunday, says the "Bandsman and Songster," when both the Senior and Junior Bands were holding Open-Airs in the same district, it was found that no cornet players had turned up at the Young People's stand. So a lad was sent round to the Senior Band asking for help on the lead.

Instead of deputing one of his cornet players for this duty, Bandmaster Twitchin went with the lad and filled the gap, to the proud satisfaction of every member of the Young People's Band.

(Continued from column 1)

and logs were placed for them to sit upon. In this Meeting Staff-Captain Merritt and Commandant Muttart testified. There were also many Comrades from Calgary present. Following the appeal one young girl volunteered for the Mercy-Seat. Following the Meeting Captain Bellamy dealt with a man about his soul, with the result that he gave his heart to God. Hallelujah!

MAGAZINE PAGE

History, Current Events, Science, Travel, Exploration

The Biggest Flower

A Fine Specimen from Sumatra

What is the biggest flower known? Such a question might well be asked by many an amateur gardener. The answer is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a flower discovered in Sumatra one hundred years ago by British administrators whose names were given the plant they had found. The first specimen they collected had a flower a full yard across!

Knowledge of the remarkable genus or group of plants to which *Rafflesia Arnoldi* belongs has increased enormously within recent years, chiefly because of the complete exploration of the larger islands of the Malay Archipelago, for it is here that twelve species are known, but the first remains the finest and most striking of them all.

Rafflesias are all totally parasitic plants, living attached to the half-buried roots of tropical vines. They are unable to manufacture their own foods as ordinary green plants do, but obtain the whole of their nourishment from the tissues of the host-plant. Excluding the flower itself, each *Rafflesia* plant consists of nothing but a small woody mass which grows down into the vascular tissue of the vine root and taps its supplies of food and water. The flower first appears on the surface of the root as a small, round mass the size of a walnut, and giving little indication of its subsequent development, this rudiment grows into a spherical bud, in size and appearance resembling a well-grown pickling cabbage. This, when mature, expands into what still remains the largest flower known to botanists.

Recording the Time

Before the invention and manufacture of watches and clocks men employed several devices for recording the hour of the day. The sundial is the earliest instrument of its kind, and sandglasses were used from an early date. Alfred the Great used graduated candles, the burning of which marked the passage of time.

The art of clock and watch making is believed to have originated in Germany. The early watches were made in curious shapes, such as pears, skulls, purses, and crosses. Some were set in the heads of canes, some in bracelets and other pieces of jewellery. These instruments had to be wound at least twice daily, and differed from the correct time by about an hour per day. It was not until the discovery of the balance wheel in 1658, by which the mainspring unwinds itself evenly and regularly, that they could be relied upon to record the correct time.

An Engine Whistle

An elderly Frenchwoman living at Bugue, in Dordogne, had been undergoing treatment for deafness for some time without any improvement, and finally decided to consult a specialist. On the way she had to change trains at a junction and an engine close to her gave a piercing whistle. Suddenly she felt a violent pain in her ears, which was immediately followed by the restoration of her hearing!

A Unique Lighthouse

A lighthouse given to the Japanese port of Nagoya, seventy-five miles N.E. of Kyoto, is in the unusual shape of a huge Buddha, cast in concrete. The immense statue is 72 feet high, and 52 feet in girth, while in its forehead, where the ordinary Buddha has a jewel, is a 10,000 candle power electric light, shining out over the harbor.

The first iron bridge in the world spans the River Severn in England. Built in 778, it was called Iron Bridge.

How to Keep Fit

BREAKING Nature's laws is the source of most of our bodily weakness. You hear some one say, "I shouldn't read by this wretched light, but I must finish this story." And by and by the oculist tries to patch up the overstrained eyes. "Cream pie is taboo, but I'll indulge this once." Stomachache; the doctor.

Doctor McArthur says: "We can't break the commandments; we can knock our heads against them, but they break us." That is as true of physical laws as of moral. A fellow who boasts, "I have a physique like an ox," and tries to do two teams' work in one, burns the candle at both ends. I met seven crippled youths on a steamer, with athlete's heart, sprained ligaments, or some result of too much tennis, football, running, lifting. For the rest of their lives they have to baby those weak points.

Bathing, changing underwear, keeping liver and bowels functioning by drinking sufficient water, and eating plenty of fruit, all help to make a clean body outside and in, keep the body fit. The cheapest thing is health; the most costly breaking the laws of health.

Breathing the free air the Creator lavishes on us makes the body fit. Yet many are as niggardly in using fresh air as if it cost the price of Jersey cream. We don't give our lungs enough oxygen to purify the blood, so we have pimples and rheumatism.

Exercise is our best doctor, as well as our greatest physical enjoyment. The normal child enjoys jumping a rope and running races, better than it enjoys lollies. A swinging gait brings an adult an exhilaration that no soda-fountain tonic can impart.

Atmosphere

What it Means to the World

If all living beings depend on the atmosphere for their internal functions, respiration, and so on, they are no less so dependent for their external functions.

A world deprived of atmosphere would be for that very reason inhabited by deaf and dumb people, a home of eternal silence; and the things which exist for our sense of hearing would be perceptible only in some other way. Regarding light, there would be neither shade nor half-light, but either dazzling light of the sun or black darkness; no dawn or twilight. No dwelling would be possible except in the open air, and life would be incompatible with our present conditions.

That is not all. No atmosphere means no clouds, but a monotonous and tiresome brilliance, poured down uniformly by the blazing sun. There would be no sky. That limpid azure which charms our eyes would be replaced by a huge black vault. The sun's globe, the moon, the stars alone, would sail across it in their periodic courses.

The magnificent play of lights on our horizon from morn till night, the golden gleam of dawn awakening our landscapes, the purple glories of twilight, would be unknown without our atmosphere.

Scriptures in Greece

The New Testament in Modern Greek has been for many years prohibited in Greece, but with the establishment of a republic this bar has been removed. Not only this, but the republican authorities have ordered that no custom duties be levied upon Scriptures at the ports.

Pithy Pars

An average acre of garden has been estimated to contain 53,000 worms.

There are approximately 4,000 known languages and dialects in the world.

In Denmark milk must be pasteurized even if it is only intended for pig-feeding.

Dust from volcano eruptions has been known to travel 500 miles through the air.

Fresh water eels travel a distance equal to a quarter of the earth's circumference—about 6,000 miles—in their lives.

There is gold in sea water, but the average concentration of the precious metal in 5,000 samples analyzed was only about one-hundredth of a milligram, or three one-millionths of an ounce, to the ton.

The world's biggest organ is in Liverpool Cathedral, England. It was completed only a few weeks ago, having been started before the war. It has 10,334 pipes, and electropneumatic action. The pipe playing the lowest note is a yard in diameter and weighs more than a ton.

The Braille Bible fills thirty-eight volumes and weighs 1¼ cwt.

A Russian does not become of age until he is twenty-six.



Primitive methods of transport still prevail in parts of Manitoba. The above shows an ox team going to market.

Edmonton Citadel Band Has Busy Day

Men Behind Bars Cheer—Music at Memorials—Y.P. Band Receives Good Start

The Edmonton Band paid a visit to Fort Saskatchewan Jail on July 24 and gave a program of music to the inmates of the institution. Following this the Band rendered music at the unveiling of "The Cairn" which took place in the prison yard. Major-General Greibach performed the ceremony and was assisted by prominent citizens of Edmonton, including Colonel Primrose.

The Band played music at the placing of a wreath at the Soldiers' Memorial in the Park. The "Dead March in Saul" was impressively rendered, following which Ensign Collier placed the wreath on the monument.

Arriving back at the Citadel, supper was arranged for the Bandmen who then following the Meeting went to their homes joyful in the knowledge that they had spent a useful day.

The month of July was set apart for starting a Young People's Band. In this, every department of the Corps assisted toward raising of funds for instruments. The Home Leagues arranged a Sale of Work and the Band and Songsters gave a Musical Festival. One interesting item was the auctioneering of a loaf of bread by the Ensign, which brought in the sum of \$21.65. Staff-Captain Merritt presided over the gathering.

Vancouver Citadel Band

(Continued from page 5)

after lending valuable aid to the corner section, while the great deal of the success of the trip is due to the untiring and energetic efforts of these two Officers, and also to the Divisional Staff.

We are grateful to Captain Goodwin who devoted his time and worked hard in the interest of the Band, not forgetting Captain Reg. Bamsey, also. Neither should we forget Envoy Flack who displayed keen interest and worked unsparingly throughout the tour.

It was predicted that the tour could not be a financial success but in spite of the depression in some of the towns visited, we are pleased to report that we have come out far ahead, this also in face of the fact that our liabilities were far heavier than on our two previous tours, over the same territory, our party this time numbering 37. We also pride ourselves on the fact that the four Corps members were able to assist them financially besides bringing the Army more closely to the people of these communities.

Reviewing the tour throughout I think every Bandsman was highly satisfied, everybody entering into the various activities with that zeal and interest that makes for success.

Many interesting details could be given of the happy incidents which took place during the nine days the Bandsmen were together.

We cannot bring this report to a finish without mentioning our Bandmaster whose efforts were much appreciated by the men. He labored strenuously to bring the tour to a happy conclusion as did the Band Sergeant and other members of the Band, among them "Billy" Cook.

The splendid efforts and hearty cooperation of all concerned is worthy of the highest praise, and as members of the Citadel Band we should feel proud of the results achieved, which results should inspire us to further interest in the work we are engaged on, trusting that God shall cover us with such blessing that in the future we shall accomplish even greater things for Him.—H.B.

PRINCE RUPERT

Captain and Mrs. Stobbart—We welcomed various new Officers at Prince Rupert last week-end, this owing to the fact that our city is in the nature of a half-way house. These included Captain and Mrs. Parkinson, en route for Chetichkan; Captain and Mrs. Wrangell, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Kerr with us, they being on their way to their new appointment at Calgary. The Adjutant, who is well known and loved in Prince Rupert, gave a farewell message. We are certainly sorry to see our Comrades go. We certainly stirred up the town with our Open-Air Meetings, and inside we had quite a crowd, in spite of the lovely weather and two picnics that were being held over the weekend. May God bless and strengthen these Officers in their new duties. The Life-Saving Scouts and Sunbeams turned out in uniform on Sunday night.—Mrs. C.

Eclipses! Solar and Spiritual

THE GENERAL has something significant to say on both—Shadow-makers and Joy-breakers

"THE eclipse, General! Forty millions of people in these islands alone on the lookout for the great morning, as one newspaper phrases it." For many hours that day the General had already been toiling in his home-workshop, some of the fruits of which—a thick batch of MSS.—he held in his hand. But his kindly-keen gaze plainly said "Go on!" and the interviewer hastened to complete his query:

"What are your thoughts about the eclipse?"

"That the moon, which is herself one of the heavenly bodies, giving her light by night and exercising a beneficent influence from month to month, becomes for the time being a malign agent, an obstruction and a hindrance, intruding herself into a region to which she is alien, and thus preventing us receiving the light and heat which we so greatly need, and without which our poor little earth would quickly become a ball of ice, lost in the darkness of original night!" A momentary pause, and then—

"Have we not here a picture of the spiritual eclipse from which many people suffer? They allow something to intrude between themselves and God. Maybe it is a good thing, a useful thing, a loveable thing, a thing in itself right and true—and yet the cause of darkness and doubt!"

Intercepting the Light

"Yes, and it may be comparison be a very small thing. I see that the sun is five hundred thousand times greater than the light of the moon, and yet the moon is able to cut off into darkness and shadow that wonderful world of light. How often I have seen this—men and women walking in the light of God, rejoicing in the glory of the Lord, and then something not evil in itself, but separating in its effect, has intercepted the light, and cut off the joy. It may be money—position—wife—husband—children—lover—friend. There may be nothing wrong with them any more than with the dear old moon"—(and the General smiled broadly)—"but if they get between us and the sun—the Sun of Righteousness—they become an obstruction—yes, even an abomination."

"That dictionary definition of an eclipse is good, is it not, General? 'The obstruction of the light of the sun or other body by the intervention of another heavenly body, either between it and the eye, or between it and the source of light.' So that it is often the things that are nearest to us which cause these sad separations from the light?"

"Exactly! The moon is said to be some quarter of a million miles distant from the earth, but the sun is ninety-three million miles—that is, taking a rough calculation, if we assume the distance of the sun to be four hundred miles, then the distance of the moon is one mile, and, by com-

parison, it is indeed 'of the earth, earthy.' And in matters of the spiritual life, is it not the 'earthly' things that come so often in our way? Is it not wisdom—'set your affection on things above'—Don't build below the poor skies—Don't give place to the poor erections of lath and plaster—Walk in the light—in the Light of God?"

An Outrage on God

"This eclipse is a kind of outrage on the sun. This miserable obstruction is an insult. We are all thinking of it in its effect on us; do not let us forget the affront that is offered to the king of light. And ought we not to view everything which comes between the soul and God as an outrage upon Him? We are apt to think of evil only as it affects ourselves, injures our own future, and imperils our own safety. But it is all an outrage on Him—an offence against His Majesty—an insult to His Holiness—a wounding of His love. Oh, come away!"—(exclaimed the General passionately)—"Come away from evil! Come away from the darkness! Let us be one with the Light!"

"There is also the sinister fall of the temperature, General."

"Ah, what a chilly thing is an eclipse of the sun! I remember the last time we had an experience somewhat similar to this forthcoming event, though not so prolonged. I was at home and at work in my study at Hadley Wood, when the light failed, and I went out to look at what I could find. Instantly I was chilled, and looking at the thermometer as I returned, I was amazed to see that it had dropped seventeen degrees, while all around us seemed to shiver!"

"Again, is not this just what happens when we are separated from the Light of the World? And is not this the secret of the coldness in many souls and lives—cold testimonies, cold singing, cold prayers, cold love? Sometimes I hear people talking as if cold and heat were matters of their own manufacture. No, no! The secret is the Sun. If His way is clear to reach us—if there are no obstructions—if there are no hindrances to His way—if we are in the right relation to the Sun, then we shall be warmed; then the spiritual temperature will be right, and in place of the cold things I named, there will be fiery testimonies, and hot singing, hot prayers, and burning love!"

"That is it—it is the obstructions that make the winter. This going about rubbing our cold powers, striving to catch a little heat from our comrades, and working up some warm feelings in our hearts, will come to very little. What we need is the Sun!"

"And the darkness?"

"Yes, indeed, eclipses mean darkness—if not total darkness, at any rate shadows and gloom that are very pronounced. Here is the same lesson: We have no light in ourselves. The

most we can say for ourselves at our very best is that we are a kind of lantern. It is He who is the Light! It is He who plants His light in us! It is He, and He alone, who can dispel the darkness of unbelief and fear. He will do it—bless His holy Name! For He can make light in the darkest night! He can make gladness amid the deepest gloom of anxiety and care! He is our Sun, and His light is the light that works by love.

"That is the great evil of spiritual eclipses—that when they obstruct the Light they weaken our love. Men are so prone to turn from the high to the low, and when His light fails, our love and faith fail, and we begin to build upon the material and the natural instead of upon the spiritual. What a shadow-maker is this! What a manufactory of darkness is trusting in the human—leaning on the arm of flesh—looking at the clouds!"

A Blue-sky Religion

"I was glancing the other day at the life of one of the saints of old, and again and again there came the beautiful expression, 'I have not the shadow of a doubt'—as to sanctifying grace, as to bereavement, as to death itself. Over and over, a kind of refrain in all the vicissitudes of a busy life: 'I have not the shadow of a doubt! No obstructions allowed—shadows prohibited—eclipses forbidden—a blue-sky religion! Can you sing the old song:

Not a cloud doth arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for one moment
My Lord from my eyes!

Hallelujah!

With uplifted hand the General smothered an attempted question and continued:

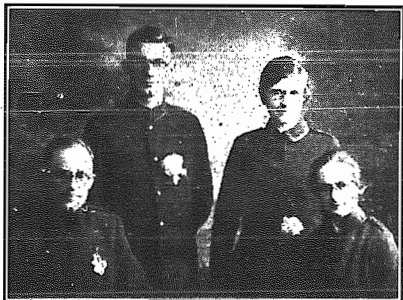
"Our Light never changes. Some of the astronomers assert that the sun is burning itself out, that some day its light will surely be extinguished. What a darkness that would be! But our Sun is ever the same, and I again plead with 'War Cry' readers that if there are obstructions which now eclipse His glory and beauty and holy fire, clear them out of the way! Make a free course for the Light!"

"I suppose it is one of the chief attractions of the Heavenly City that there will be no night there. In all the wonderful words and thoughts concerning the Light of God there is ever a suggestion, a hope, a kind of promise that some day there will be a final end of shadows—a time when all that is of the earth 'earthly' shall be done away, and we shall come into the immediate presence of the Sun of Righteousness and drink the healing from His wings."

The General was speaking for a moment as one who sees the invisible, looking radiant, as he concluded:

"That day will surely dawn. What joy to see Him as He is in His unclouded glory, to know Him as He knows us, and to meet Him face to face! What a hope!—Till the day break and shadows flee away! Yes, break and shadows flee away. Hallelujah! Till the day break and the shadows flee away! Hallelujah! Till the day break and the shadows flee away!"

H. L. Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel.



Captain and Mrs. Leighton, now stationed at Indian Head, the report of whose wedding appeared in a recent issue. The Officers standing are Lieut. R. Cull and Captain R. Leighton.

Cheerfulness

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart sees cheerful things.

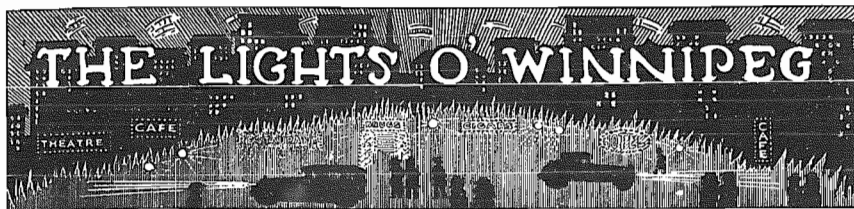
A lady and a gentleman were in a timberyard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river.

"How good the pine boards smell!" the lady remarked.

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

That was right; if we can carry this principle right through our lives we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.



Or A Young Country Girl's Adventures in a Large City

By S. A. KIRKSPEN

CHAPTER XIII YIELDING TO TEMPTATION

ON Monday morning the two girls set out to search for work once more; Rosie going west and Elsie choosing the northern part of the city. Harry White had again rendered them good service by giving them the addresses of several small business establishments where there were good possibilities of work being secured.

Rather to their own surprise, they were both successful in obtaining employment; Elsie as a store clerk in the hosiery department of a dry goods store, and Rosie as a general assistant in a little shop where fancy goods, confectionery, toys and papers were sold. The wages were very, very small, and Elsie sighed as she contemplated another long season of most rigid economy in order to make ends meet. Both girls were glad to be working again, however, after the period of stress and anxiety they had passed through.

From their first week's wages they managed to pay the rent of their room and squeeze out a dollar each towards paying off their big debt to the clothing store. The agent grumbled a good deal at the smallness of the amount and said he would expect more next time. The girls found, however, that they were utterly unable to continue the payment of even a dollar regularly. The cold winter days were now coming on, and they felt the need of more substantial fare than bread and weak tea. They often had to take the car to and from work alone, on account of bad weather, and this helped to cut into their very slender income.

The result was that they got further behind than ever in their payments to the clothing company, and one day each of them received a letter in which it was pointed out to them that the longer they took to pay off their indebtedness the more they would have to pay, as the interest on the amount practically loaned them, kept growing.

Thoroughly Alarmed

A hint was also thrown out that if they did not soon make a further payment there would be trouble of some sort, though just what would happen was not clearly stated. It was sufficient, however, to thoroughly alarm the girls, and they imagined that they were already under the shadow of a prison cell.

"Whatever shall we do?" said Elsie. "We must hold these people off somehow. I could pawn my watch, I suppose; but I hate to part with it, because it is a present to me."

"Why not pawn half of our clothes to pay for the other half," said Rosie; "or, better still, perhaps the firm we bought them off will take some back."

"That would help us much," said Elsie; "they'd only allow us a fraction of the cost on what we returned, and before we got through paying the price they'd ask for what we kept we'd be in rags and tatters. No, we'll have to hang on to our clothes, Rosie; for you know employers are so particular about one's appearance, and it's almost as much as one's job is worth to go about shabby."

"That's true," replied Rosie, "we must keep up appearances, even if we haven't a cent to jingle on our tombstone. Say, a brilliant idea has just struck me, Elsie. What about Jack Corby? You say he used to spend lots of money on you every week, wouldn't he lend us some dough if he knew how hard up we were? He's acted pretty mean since you were sick, but perhaps he'd do you that favor."

"Yes, for a price which I'm not willing to pay," said Elsie. "I met him the other day, and some one must have been telling him we were hard up against it,

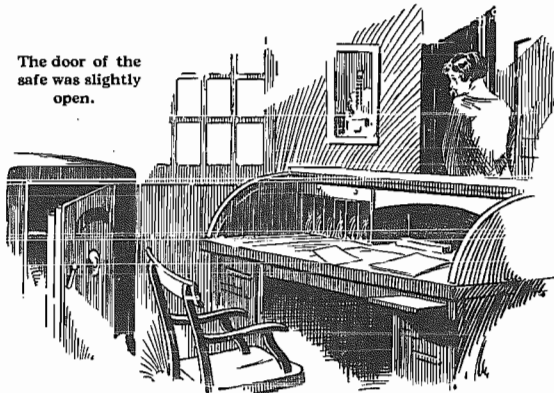
for he made me an offer which any self-respecting girl would turn down."

"What was it?" asked Rosie. "About the same as Phil meant to make to you," said Elsie, "only he put it in a very blunt and coarse way. He said he couldn't afford to marry me, but he'd give me something every week, and introduce me to some other fellows if I'd—"

"If you'd what?" queried Rosie. "Oh, well, if I'd do as he wanted me to," said Elsie. "Nuff said; he's as big a villain, I guess, as that precious Phil. I tell you, I felt like slapping him in the face right on the spot."

"Pity you didn't," said Rosie, who was truly horrified at this exposure of her friend's beau, whom she had always thought of, from Elsie's glowing description in her letters, as a very model of what a young city gentleman ought to be.

The door of the safe was slightly open.



Her illusions as to the life of a working girl in a big city had about disappeared by this time. Hard work, long hours, scant pay, a struggle to live respectably, pleasures bought at the expense of health and strength, dangers lurking on every side—this was the reality; and it was very different to the day dreams she had had when in the country.

"I guess the watch will have to go, then Elsie," she said. "I see no other way of raising money unless something unexpected occurs."

"Then I'll pawn it tomorrow," said Elsie; "it isn't like selling it for good, you know. When I'm well off again I can get it back."

"Oh, I'm glad of that," said Rosie. "Then I hope you'll soon be well off, my dear. But whatever am I to do? I've got nothing to pawn, but an old Ingersoll watch, which dad bought me once, when he had a generous fit on, and don't suppose I'd get five cents for that."

"Why not write to your dad and ask him to help you out?" suggested Elsie. "Oh, dear, no!" said Rosie. "The folks at home would worry themselves to a shadow if they thought I was not getting on all right. I make out that I'm still at the big store, you know, and am having a swell time of it. Oh, no! I can't go writing home for money."

"You're too proud, Rosie," said Elsie, "but wait till Christmas comes and you have to be satisfied with a whiff of a turkey dinner from afar off, and I'll bet you'll write home to pa in a hurry to send you one up from the farm."

"I'd go back and marry George be-

fore I'd do that," said Rosie. "That is, if he'd have me now," she added.

By which it may be surmised that Rosie was repenting of her hasty and ill-advised action of spurning her country swain.

When Rosie went to work next morning she was oppressed with the thought that something dreadful would happen soon if she could not quickly obtain sufficient money to satisfy the demands of the clothing firm to which she was so deeply indebted.

"I do wish I'd never listened to Elsie's advice," she said. "Here I am, over fifty dollars in debt, and not a red cent to spare to pay it off. In future I'll pay cash for all I get or go without. You don't catch me up this street again."

The debt worried Rosie insistently all that day, and she turned over in her mind many plans for making a little

Hurrying back into the shop she proceeded to give the customer her change, but found she had brought two five-dollar bills, instead of one. She gave the customer the change and was about to take back the extra five-dollar bill, when the thought came to her that this amount was just what she wanted to make up the overdue weekly payments on her clothing account.

At this moment her employer came into the shop. He had been called away for a few moments by his wife. It was a very small business this, and Rosie was the only assistant, and she had only been taken on because her employer's wife was temporarily unable to help in the shop.

Very rapidly a number of thoughts ran through the girl's mind. Her employer had not seen her in his office; very probably he had no suspicion that she had ever left the shop; he would not miss the money for some time, perhaps, and would then think he had made some mistake in counting. Her need of that five dollars was much more urgent than his; she would borrow it off him—yes, that was it, borrow it, without his knowledge, it is true; but all the same she meant to pay it back some time, so it was not really stealing.

Rosie pocketed the five-dollar bill!

(To be continued)

CHARITTEERS AT WATROUS

Captain Johnson and Lieut. Bell—Two weeks ago the Corps Cadets had charge of the Thursday night meeting, and a blessed time resulted. From July 17 to 24. On Sunday, the Scripture lesson. On Saturday night we journeyed to Simpson for an Open-Air Meeting and then came home to Watrous.

Last weekend the Northern Saskatchewan Charittees were with us and a lively time was enjoyed. The large crowds at the Manitou Beach on Sunday afternoon certainly did enjoy the visit and joined heartily in the singing of the songs. We rejoiced over one precious soul on Sunday night, and believe there are more to follow.

The Home League members recently held their annual picnic at Manitou Beach.—C.C.

SOULS AT SASKATOON II

Captain and Mrs. Hill—We were pleased to have with us Commandant and Mrs. Beattie of Regina, from July 17 to 24. On Sunday, July 17, the Commandant gave a stirring message at both the Holiness and Salvation Meetings and at the end of the day closed with a prayer. The Commandant and his wife have been a real blessing and inspiration to the Soldiers during their short visit, and we hope to have them with us again before very long.

Our Open-Air Meetings in the residential districts of Watrous have been very successful, and we believe that many souls will be helped and blessed through our efforts.—C.C.H.

SHERBROOKE ST. BAND

Visits Various Manitoba Towns

This Combination, numbering some twenty-one players, spent the August weekend visiting outlying towns in Manitoba. We started from Winnipeg at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, our destination being Carberry. MacGregor and Austin were visited en route.

At night we marched down the main street of Carberry playing the "Blessedly Saved" march, after which we held an Open-Air Festival, attended by a very large number of people.

On Sunday morning we marched around the town playing a number of the old favorite hymn tunes, and at the conclusion of the march, we entered the Victoria Hall for the Meeting. A good crowd assembled, and our hearts rose in thankfulness to God when we saw a new response, and were asked to speak a few words for the Master.

We journeyed to Sidney for the afternoon Meeting, which was held in the open air. At first a few of the crowd assembled to listen to God's message in music, song and testimony. Back again to Carberry for the evening Meeting; this was also held in the Victoria Hall. After the band had played for an hour, we were then taken to Cypress River where we again played a few tunes. Our next visit was to Holland, where we had lunch. After refreshing the inner man we played for about one hour there, and then away to Treherne, stopping here just long enough to play a few of the old favorites.

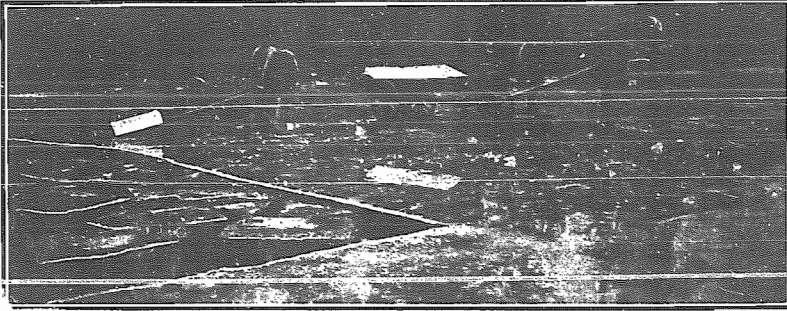
We then went out for another open air Festival, this concluding at 10:30 p.m. On Monday morning we left Carberry and journeyed to Glenora, where we were met for an hour, and were then taken to Cypress River where we again played a few tunes. Our next visit was to Holland, where we had lunch. After refreshing the inner man we played for about one hour there, and then away to Treherne, stopping here just long enough to play a few of the old favorites.

Leaving Treherne late in the afternoon we reached Elm Creek about seven o'clock in the evening where, after supper we played in the Band room, where we were met for an hour, and were then taken to Cypress River where we again played a few tunes. Our next visit was to Holland, where we had lunch. After refreshing the inner man we played for about one hour there, and then away to Treherne, stopping here just long enough to play a few of the old favorites.

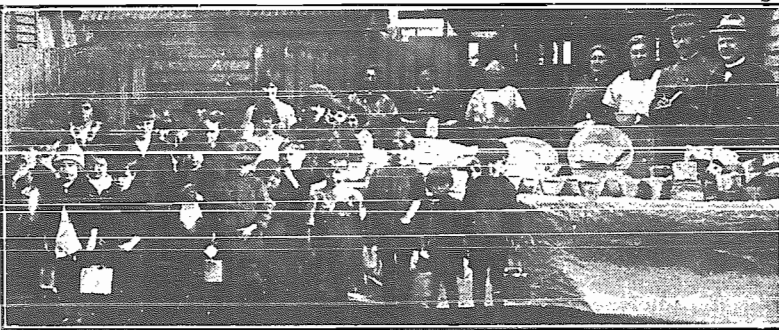
The choruses specialized in were, "Oh the joy of knowing Jesus," and "Keep in step with the Spirit." The Band played "The First Series Music: Marches 955, 955, 955 and 955, and also the "Nearer to Thee" Selection. —A. B. May.



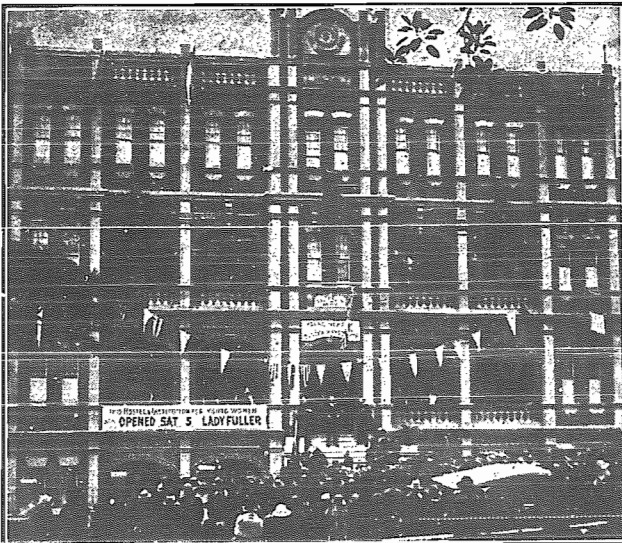
Here and There With —the— Army Photographer



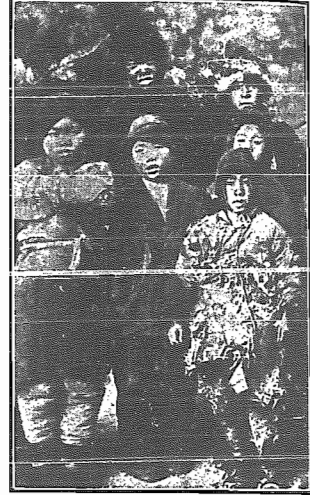
OH, TO BE THERE NOW THAT SUMMER'S HERE!
Cutting ice at the Army's Inebriates' Colony, Kuron, Sweden.



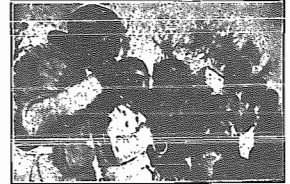
Some of the hundreds of poor children of Launceston (Tasmania) supplied with hot soup and bread at a Kitchen run by the Home League.



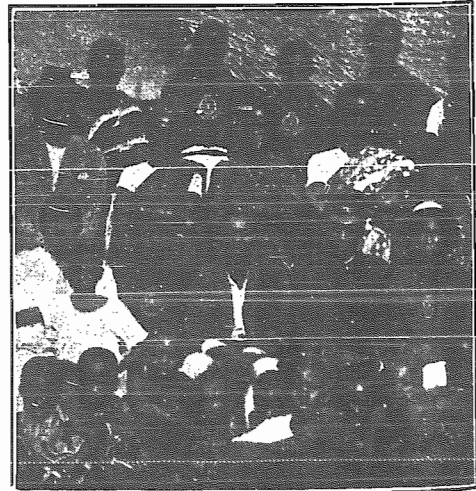
Young Women's Hostel and Institute at Sydney, Australia.



CHINESE BEGGAR BOYS
From even worse conditions many children have been rescued by the Army and given a new and happy start in life.



Destitute Chinese at an Army Porridge Kitchen.



Salvationists of the Gold Coast, West Africa.